

THINGS IN GENERAL

Our Old Earth, Compulsory Arbitration, Etc.

Dr. Waltcott, of the Smithsonian Institution, is digging up the fossil remains of animal life that prove life has existed on this earth more than forty-five million years. It is undoubtedly an old planet, for it must have taken many million years to cool off sufficiently for any animal life to thrive. Not less than a hundred million years is the planet's age.

This discovery is most comforting. Maturity always lasts longer than babyhood. If the earth, let us say, lasted one million years while getting ready for man's arrival, it will undoubtedly last another hundred million years, which is about what the human race needs to become thoroughly civilized. What sort of earth will it be in its old age, one hundred million years from now?

Governor Allen, of Kansas, opposes "Federal courts for strikes." It ought to be possible to arrange for the settlement of industrial troubles in some new way. The old way with employers and employees fighting it out on the chest of the public is worn out.

But WHO WOULD APPOINT THOSE FEDERAL JUDGES? If a two-million-dollar candidate, for instance, were elected President of the United States, after the "big interests" had put up the millions, what chance do you think labor would have in a court appointed by him? Everybody knows what happened in the court of a certain Federal judge put on the bench to oblige the head of a great street car trust.

Elections are better than appointments, and elections PLUS THE RECALL are better than either.

Chicago, a most hospitable city, announces that every delegate to the Republican National Convention "will have an automobile and a chauffeur at his disposal during his stay in Chicago."

It might safely be added that every delegate to the Republican National Convention can take an automobile and a chauffeur with him, for his very own, if he will agree to vote as certain distinguished campaign-fund-raising individuals think he ought to vote.

The war found this country with its privately owned shipping in even worse condition than its privately owned railroads. The one fairly big "American" shipping concern was controlled by England. It was most important, everybody was told, that this should NOT happen again.

So the people, every one that paid taxes or bought bonds, provided billions to build ships. Many of those billions were stolen in dishonest contracts, of course.

The men that had failed as private shipbuilders and owners were put in charge of Government shipbuilding. Nevertheless, by sheer power of the national purse, in spite of all Hog Island and other incompetency, ships actually were built.

Now those ships are to be sold below cost, ON CREDIT, to private owners. They will go under foreign flags, if by changing flags labor can be made to take less. The Government will take all the risk, get none of the profit.

AND THE PEOPLE WILL BE SWINDLED AS USUAL.

If they permit it, they deserve it. They have taken Government power from the Democrats, that through sheer stupidity brought in professional sharks from Wall Street. They have put in power the Republican party that naturally and automatically belongs to Wall Street and the corporations.

The Republicans will not act quite as stupidly as the Democratic party. They will not turn over the public purse to a professional Wall Street Fagin, but they will do the same work and more of it more neatly.

Stealing from the people the ships that the people built and turning them over to the Wall Street gang on credit is a fair sample of their "nice work."

The best thing said in Europe for a long time comes from Mueller, the German Chancellor, who declares that Germany is through with war "for all eternity," and adds: "No fool, crowned or uncrowned, shall drag Germany into a war of revenge."

If the Germans stick to that, while Poland fights Russia, and Greece, Armenia and others indulge in civil war and outside wars, Germany will be, as Henry Ford, of Detroit, predicted, second in Europe to get on its feet—if not first.

If you are a "Hands Across the Sea" citizen and particularly anxious to see England prosperous, be gratified to read the statement by Sir George Paish, an important British financial authority.

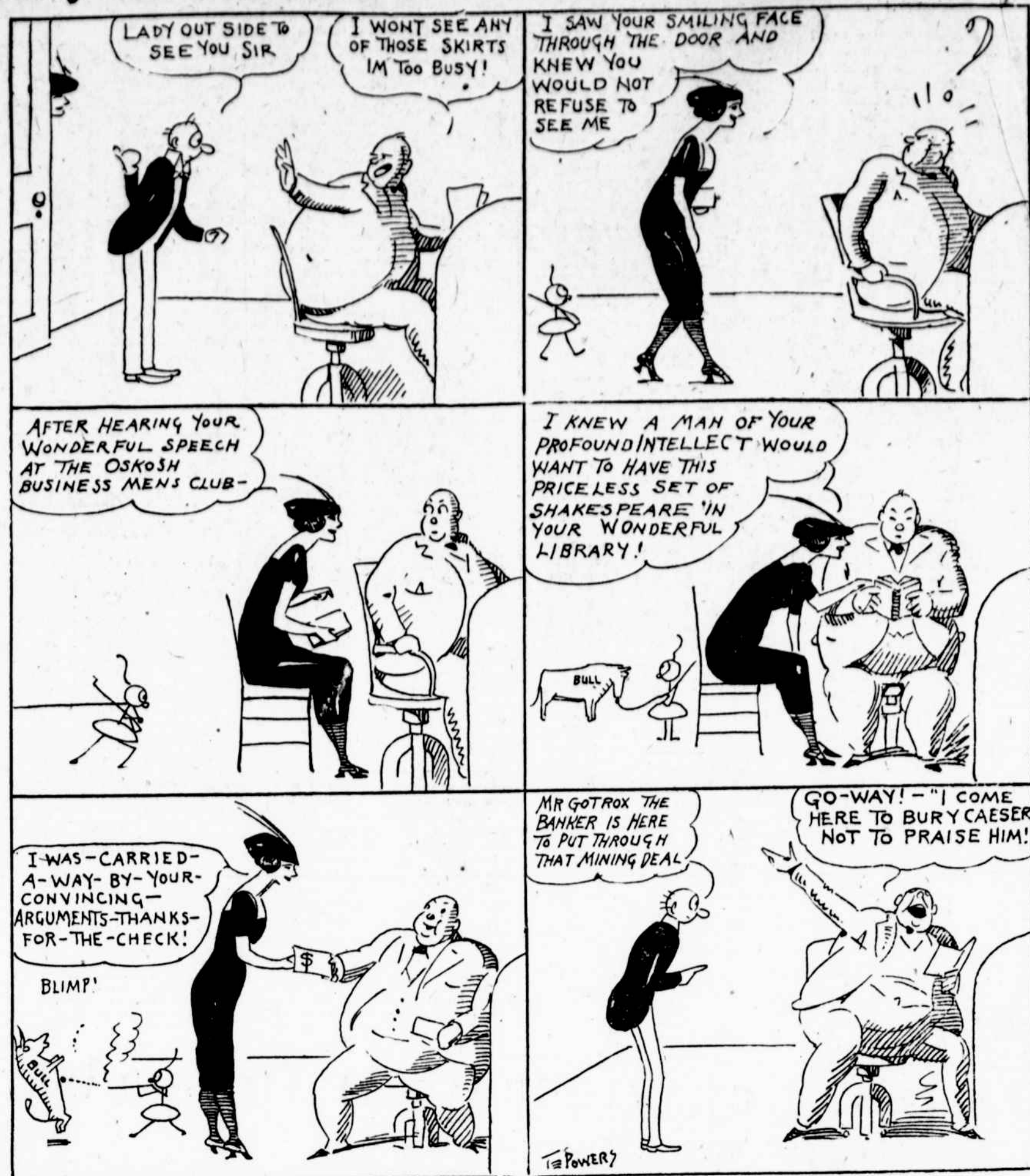
He says that American private banking concerns have done a great deal for England since the United States Government ceased to be the international "angel."

Not only have American banks lent money, but they have called loans in the United States in order to place the money abroad, thus, as Sir George says, "rendering very valuable assistance to England."

When the American business man finds it difficult to expand, hard to get money for new factories or payrolls, because of his loans being called, it may comfort him to know that the money that he COULDN'T borrow from the American bank has been lent to somebody in England to pay for labor and develop business there.

They All Fall For It

By T. E. POWERS



Beatrice Fairfax Writes of the Problems and Pitfalls of Workers Here Especially for Washington Women

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I earnestly hope that you find the opportunity to settle this very perplexing problem of mine. I am twenty years of age, married to a man with a moderate income and in all things except this one question, entirely satisfied with the world in general.

As I said before, my husband earns a moderate salary at his employment, namely a detective working for a private agency in this city. His duty for the most part is to collect evidence for persons seeking divorce or separation. He feels, however, that he would get ahead in his profession far more quickly if he could rely on the services of a good-looking woman who would travel with both men and women on whom evidence is required. As his salary will be placed where she to accept such a profession. Won't you kindly advise me whether such a move on my part, even at my husband's request, would endanger our marital relation or our social position.

UNDECIDED. Playing detective in domestic tangles is none too savory or pleasant occupation for a man and much more difficult for a woman, especially if that woman has no interest in such work. Your best instincts are warning you against taking up this work and such instincts are very good guides to follow. There is danger, both moral and physical, in the work. In my opinion it is not a desirable occupation for any woman and in your case, where you feel a repulsion to it, you would probably find it most distasteful and because it was so, you would hardly prove successful at it.

As far as I can gather, you would receive no remuneration. It would easily result in your doing your husband's work for which he would be paid while he sat around and accepted your "reports." I fail to see any reason why both you and your husband should work for this agency for one salary. Tell him this: If he has the right stuff in him, he'll succeed at his own job and he won't need a woman to do his work either.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: What do you think of a girl who is alienating the affections of her husband for his mother?

What do you think of a son who will let his affections be alienated? His mother all her life has done good to others.

and the love he has for his wife are altogether different things. The man who hasn't room in his heart for many loves, the love of mother, of wife, of children, of friends, must certainly have an atrophied heart. The greatest mistake any mother can make is to resent the sweetheart or wife that comes into her son's life. The mother cannot be what the wife can be to him nor the wife hold the place the mother does. I've seen a great deal of mothers spoiling their sons' lives by such an attitude. I've known mothers to boast that they were their son's only sweetheart. That is not real mother love. It is full of selfishness, jealousy and pride. Real mother-love is self-sacrificing and generous. Just as she came into her own husband's life, she must accept the fact of a wife in her son's life. If you are the brother, the best service you can render the entire family is to help the mother become resigned to her son's new and different love.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I take note of the letter from "A twenty-four-year-old mother" in The Times for Tuesday, May 25, and I wish to say that I too am a mother of one little girl now nearly four years old, and can so heartily sympathize and understand the plight of this hard-working, earnest little mother of two babies. I should like her to know that I am fortunate enough to possess a car, and I drive it myself; and it would be a great pleasure to meet this twenty-four-year-old mother and take her riding with me in the afternoons or mornings whichever is best for her. My little girl would enjoy her babies, and it would really give me a deal of pleasure to do something to make some one's days a little brighter and easier. We could drive in Rock Creek Park or down Potomac Park, and I guarantee the fresh air and recreation of the riding will help. If you have her name and address will you send it to me? I can then communicate with her by phone or mail; and if you haven't it perhaps she will read this in the paper, so will you print it as soon as possible? I hope the plan meets with your approval.

PEGGY'S MOTHER.

What a beautiful, delightful letter! And how I do hope "A twenty-four-year-old mother" will send me her name and address just as quickly as she can write it and put it in the mail so I may forward it to "Peggy's Mother" and start this charming program right away. To me it seems a perfect solution of one little mother's problem and I know from experience that fresh air and sunshine and diverting companionship are the very best cure for "nerves"—better than all the doctors and all their prescriptions—even the doctors themselves will agree with me.

I want "Peggy's Mother" to know how much I personally appreciate her quick thoughtfulness and how my heart thrilled when I realized the sympathy and understanding her letter showed. I hope "A twenty-four-year-old mother" will let nothing stand in the way of her acceptance of this charming offer of friendship and companionship. I hope she will leave her house and its cares, for a few weeks, at least, to worry along by themselves and just take herself and those two precious babies right out into the fresh air. If she does, I'll wager she will be able to write to me in a very few weeks that she is feeling heaps and heaps better and more cheerful.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: A letter of mine appeared in The Times several days ago, and your reply was excellent and gave me food for thought, especially when you said there is something wrong with the person who does not have friends. I agree with you, there is; but I'm not worrying over lack of friends. I have many of them, but not one of them is a real chum. Most of the girls I know work in the Government departments, and being some distance from their offices, it seems that it takes most of their energy going and coming, and the result is they seldom go out evenings. I also work in the Government service, but when my day's work is over it is forgotten until the next day. My evenings are for recreation and amusement.

I enjoyed the replies of "A Regular Feller" and "Particular." I would certainly enjoy meeting "A Regular Feller," as well as one who is a bit "Particular." Here's hoping the opportunity soon presents itself, as I may soon be leaving Washington. Uncle Sam is reducing the force of employees in my division, and I may be one among the many who have to go.

SUNNY SUE. I am glad you took my answer to your letter in the spirit in which it was sent. You are quite right—acquaintances may be numerous but real chums or companions among them very rare. I am one who hopes you will not have to leave the city unless you find something better somewhere else. I wish there were more girls with your good common sense.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am a daily reader of your wonderful advice and I know you can help me this time, as you have done so before. I am a girl of twenty-two years and am considered nice looking, as well as refined. But there is one great fault I have that I would love to overcome. I have had several friends I cared a great deal for and they were deeply interested in me, even more so than I was in them, but after a friendship of four or five months I find my love fading until finally the man becomes a mere friend and is left to wonder what he has done or said to cause me to act so differently. In one case I kept company with a fellow who loved me as much as any fellow could love a girl, and I cared a great deal for him, but as usual, when that love was in its full bloom, I let it fade away and die; and to this day he has never found out the reason. He asked me many times for an explanation for acting the way I did, but I knew it sounded too ridiculous to tell him that it was merely due to loss of interest. This fellow pleaded to continue our friendship, but I refused to even see him again. I heard later that he was heartbroken. I am sorry, but I hesitate to write him because I know by experience that it would be the same thing over again if he came back, which I am almost sure that he would be only too glad to do.

I had the opportunity to marry him, but I knew it would not be doing justice to him or myself. So the result is I am still single. How can I overcome this fickle disposition?

You are probably making a great mistake in being so much concerned over your own fickleness. The answer to the problem is more likely to be that you haven't found the right man yet. You meet a man and feel perhaps that the dream has arrived at last. A few months acquaintance proves that you were mistaken, your interest wanes and your imagination once more takes up the quest of the ideal.

What Will Congress Do For Injured and Needy Soldiers?

By BILL PRICE.

Whatever the outcome of the Congressional fight for a bonus for former soldiers in the war with Germany, it seems certain that a grateful country will at least insist that Congress make speedy and suitable provision for the care of those brave men who were virtually incapacitated through wounds or gassing or whose service brought upon them physical disabilities that will forever stand in the way of their attaining the earning power they enjoyed before going into the army or which they might have reached except for injuries or disease contracted in service.

All over this land are thousands of men whose war disabilities leave them unable to properly cope with the world and thousands of others whose financial condition is incomparably worse than when they left good positions to give their all to their country.

An interesting letter has reached this writer from CHARLES MILLER, late captain A. E. F. It is presented herewith because it gives a phase of after-war conditions that does not escape the attention of thoughtful men and women:

Am a reader of your paper, and the manner in which you stick up for "we folks" who have no say elsewhere is admirable.

Yesterday as I passed the Patent Office building on Ninth street I saw a soldier sitting on the sidewalk offering for sale some small books. He had lost his right leg in war, had three gold stripes and two wound stripes. Now, the pitiful part of the picture was the RED chevron, which marked him as "out of the service." He needs the bonus, and there are thousands like him who have lost their hold on life, are handicapped in making a living, and what courage they had when they went overseas was all bulled out of them by junior officers.

I went over as a sergeant, and beyond the draft age; left a wife and two children here to live on what savings I had accumulated. I was promoted to a lieutenant and then a captain, and when at last I came back I had been gassed twice and wounded twice. This gives me four wound stripes and three gold service. Now note just what has been done for the brave officers who stayed at home, slept in a warm bed while we were in the mud and going through a good

bit of hell), and had their wives and children close by.

They received by the last act of Congress increased pay, retroactive to January 1, thus giving the officers retained on duty (due to their cleverness) an average of \$300 each. The overseas officer came home with his regiment, went through a gassing process, and was "canned" until the next war. The boys who went over with me are in most part "under the daisies" in sunny France and a major portion of those who came back are not able to get started right for the reason that our great men who make the laws on Capitol Hill are still playing politics with the bonus bill.

If they want some spare money with which to pay the bonus to ex-soldiers, why not place a luxury tax on all of our people who have incomes of \$5,000 or more and hand this into the fund. It does not require more than \$5,000 per annum to live decently, but it does require that much if the men who stayed home and built up some good business continue to ride around in limousines, wear expensive clothes, take in the seashore, etc.

Give the down-and-out soldier a show.

HEARD AND SEEN

Where's RILEY GRANNON. Tell us, old H. and S. K. W. J.

You and your column are the spice of life. I wouldn't miss it for a week's pay. PEG.

ROTHERSOME ROOMMATES. My roommate comes in any time after midnight and sits up very late, keeping me awake. If there is any remedy for this except to "break" with him will your readers kindly advise? P. M. H.

No Washington school has more attractive boys than these in immaculate Conception School: WILLIAM SWENNEY, EUGENE HANNAH, WALTER GRISMAN, FRANK HANNAH and EDWARD HANNAH. M. E. G. E. C.

What appears once in a minute, twice in a moment and not once in a thousand years? J. E. P.

Conductor 197 of the City and Suburban line is very popular with people on that line, due to his courtesies to one and all. MISS E. B., Riverdale.

Mary had a steamboat. The steamboat had a bell. Mary went to heaven. The steamboat went to— H. A. C.

GONE, GONE FOR GOOD. This old sign is gone, but not forgotten: 100 MEN WANTED To UNLOAD SCHOONERS. Free Lunch, 12 to 1. G. T. B.

HIRAM JOHNSON is the one logical candidate for President. He is an American and if elected will stop Bolshevism and unrest. J. A. O'DONNELL.

You night der odder day, about a week ago last month I heard me a noise py der front middle der pack gate. Chumping me der bed out running mit der door I sees my pig iron grey mare running in der door mit pack to him shall pay \$5 reward. EDITOR N.

THE SHAPE OF LOVE. I can't tell our folks the shape of a kiss, but I know a brief poem on the shape of love: Love is a puny thing. Shaped like a lizard. Runs all around the heart. And jumps in the gizzard. J. E. C.

WHERE THE BARBER HAS YOU. When cutting your hair the barber turns your back to the mirror. After cutting your locks he puts a small mirror at the back of your neck and asks if that's O. K. He can't put the hair back. Peaved or not, you say "allright." ANDREW D. TAYLOR.

Bumpelbeen had a fire. Then a "Tre sale." His rivals were full of ire. As he raked in the kale. H. F. S.

Yes, and there are lizards at Wisconsin avenue and the boundary line, near the Tenleytown car barn. RAILROAD.

"Hamlets" are just as good as Hambonelettes for the tokens. MATT LORING.

I asked a ouija board what was the matter with my auto. The board wouldn't move. That is what was the matter with the flivver. C.

Of all the freaks I ever saw. And the James and Marys I've met. I might just as well be frank and say I street beats them yet.

Patching old clothes, even when you pay 45 cents for two spoons of thread, is better than paying high prices for new clothes. KELLY W.

A girl writes that the best-looking boys in Gonzaga are the second-year chaps.

If some of those F street cat eaters had their heads cut down to the size of their brains, they would wear peanut shells for Panama hats. U. TELL 'EM.

DO THEY ALL DO THIS? Why does everybody put on their left shoe last? CARRIE R.

Why is it that the American Ice Company is allowed to charge patrons in Brightwood 70c per 100 lbs., while those in Petworth pay only 60c per 100? MRS. A. W. F.

Yes, "Washington, D. C." stands for taxation without representation. S. T. WRIGHT, Mt. Vernon.

It not only stands for what Congress hands out but also stands for "Dry City." E. W. H.

If Tennessee couldn't see, and ran into Virginia, where would Maryland? C. W.

Will you please have the city dog catcher or some other official sprinkle insect powder near Wisconsin avenue and O streets, which is now a regular lizard rendezvous, with as many rounds as to interfere with the pedestrians. ALLEGAN.

Yes, a squirrel does bark, attests R. H. A., in answer to L. B. P. Any old squirrel hunter knows that to be true.

Can't we find some way of raising money to buy flags for the flag poles in front of the Union station? They are without flags the greater part of the time. EUGENE DOBGETT.

PRESIDENTIAL TIMBER. I take it for granted that Presidential candidates are spoken of as "timber" because many of them are solid wood north of the eye-brows. There is no shortage of timber, but the convention there will be a lot of weeping willows and some will "pine" away. P. L. WHITE, Cleveland, O.

How are you to meet a fellow at the "corner" of the round house? H. W. F.

I saw a newspaper item that the first five Presidents of the United States retired from actual service at sixty-six years of age. Is this correct? J. D. K.

A GREAT JOKE THIS. I read a want ad in a Washington paper that made me laugh. A chap wanted a five-room and bath apartment, furnished or unfurnished, for \$50 per month. Can it be done? Your correspondents certainly send in many gems in jokes and stories. DAN DALY, Dewey Hotel.

What is the last part of the old saying: "The mills of the gods grind slowly?" I want it authoritatively. GOGGLES.

What's Doing; Where; When

Today.
Band Concert—United States Marine Band, bandstand, West Potomac Park, 8 to 9 p. m.
Commencement Exercises—Washington College of Law, Central High School, Eleventh and Potomac streets northwest, 8 p. m.
Exhibition and Mass Meeting—St. John's College, auspices Knights of Columbus, 8 p. m.
Meeting—Bryan Democracy Club, room 416, New Machinists' building, Ninth and K streets northwest, 7:45 p. m.
Meeting—Association of Oldest Inhabitants, Union Engine House, Nineteenth and B streets northwest, 8 p. m.
Rehearsal—Jewish Choral Society, 1604

K street northwest, 8:30 p. m.
Meeting—Board of Education, Franklin School, Thirteenth and K streets northwest, 4 p. m.

Tomorrow.
Informal Dance—Sigma Phi Epsilon Fraternity of George Washington University, Central High School, Eleventh and Clifton streets northwest, 8 p. m.

Smoker—Theta Delta Chi of George Washington University, Central High School, Eleventh and Clifton streets northwest.

Band Concert—United States Soldiers' Home Band, bandstand, Soldiers' Home, 8:30 p. m.